

A New Scotch Whim.



I.

D Eel faw mine Ey'ne
 If e'er Iſe ken
 Syke a Parcel of Loons in a Nation.
 Since the Laird of the *Boyn*
 Does Covet mere Coyn,
 They repent of their geud Abdication.

For the Loons of the Kirk
 Do now find their Work
 Is a muckle too big for their Purſes;
 And the War that's begun
 by the geud valiant Son,
 Will be Crown'd with a Trophée of Curſes.

II.

What a Deeliſh ſtir
 We make with War,
 To conſound our Eſtates for Ambition,
 With a crafty Pretence
 Of conquering *France*,
 To drill out the Coin of our Nation.

'Twas a muckle thing
 To exchange our King,
 Lubber-Loons ha' got weel by the Barter;
 For our geud valiant Prince
 Takes the faw Loon of *France*
 As the ſtoot bonny Scot teuk the Tartar.

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